

A Martyr to Style. I despise this way of wearing Gowns that trall into the dust, But the other women do it. And so I suppose I must.

It is neither neat nor nobby To be whipping up the street, And the only ones that like it Are the women with big feet.

If I only had the courage To endure the scornful smiles Of my fellow female creatures I would cling to olden styles. I would always have my dresses

Short enough to miss the dirt And I wouldn't wear mud ruffles On the bottom of the skirt. But I am too great a coward A decided stand to take, So with all the rest I follow In a foolish fashion's wake.

And my newest gowns I'm making With a hateful, horrid dip, Over which some luckless mortal Will some day be sure to trip.

But I hold I am a martyr For my meek and mild adopti Of the new prevailing gown, my meek and mild adoption

Regarding LateHours.

Whatever other lessons I may teach my sons," said a sensible woman, "there is one bit of instruction that will not be forgotten, and that is to go home at reasonable hours. There are more scandals, more annovances and more damaged reputations caused by late callers than by any other one social mistake in the world. A gentleman calls upon a lady. He enjoys her society and cars when forced to stand. Sharppresumably she enjoys his, or she eyed men who ride horseback know at grows late he does not incline to go, and the lady scarcely feels like hinting that his absence is desirable, and so he stays. Possibly he hints that it is time he was going, when she, for courtesy's sake, says: 'Oh, it's not very late yet;" and, although she most ardently wishes that he would leave. he settles himself for another hour's chat, and remains until there is no possible excuse for longer delay.

Nine times out of ten the lady suffers In the last decade the percentage was some annoyance in consequence of such a protracted call, and the gentleman also suffers in the esteem of right-minded persons.

One of the most philosophical of modern society men recently said: ture, fisheries, manufactures and as "If men knew enough to go home at apprentices, while they have deproper hours there would not be one creased comparatively as laborers and scandal where now they are ten. And in personal service. In 1880 there they can say what they please, it is were nineteen branches of industry in not the fault of the woman. No which women were not employed; in woman likes to send a man home, but 1885 the number was reduced to if he hasn't sense enough to go of his | seven. own accord she should do it and save herself endless annoyance and possibly open disgrace.

versary. call themselves the stronger sex, and should, therefore be the guardian of all women, especially those who are young, weakor defenseless. The man though often uneaten breakfast. who takes advantage of a woman because he can is a coward and not worthy of the name of man.

"My sons have from their earliest childhood been taught that all women and girls are to be respected, and that they as boys and men should act toward them in such a way that no one can be scandalized by their conduct."

A Very Modest Girl. Speaking of legs and arms suggests

to me one of the most inexcusable pieces of prudery possible to conceive. which is the avoidance of the good. honest and clean old Anglo-Saxon word leg to describe that member of the body. I take a malicious satisfaction in using it when I am in the presence of ultra-nice people. who tell about some one having broken his "limb," leaving less sensitive persons to guess as to whether it was an arm or a leg that had met with the mishap. When I was a good deal younger than I am now I was making a stay at a country house and trying to catch any simpleminded fish there might be in the whom I boarded had a daughter who taught school, and was certainly the most painfully proper young person It was ever my misfortune to meet. One evening we were playing cards, when she suddenly looked up from her hand and said :

"I beg your pardon."

For what?" I asked. "Didn't I touch your foot?" "No."

"O, it must have been the limb of the table.'

There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce pipuante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts. In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been. The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then, with a little

air of not having everything quite to

her liking, she looked up and down

the table and signaled the waitress:

"The lime juice, please," she said,

nonchalantly, and as if salad without

lime juice were an uneatable dish. This bit of adroitness at once set her in a niche among the company as an enlarge of occult and nonnestioned Helps Her Husband.

Mrs. Edwin H. Low, wife of the well-known steamship agent, is de-scribed as one of the thriftiest, pleasantest, all-round business women n New York. She is actively engaged with her husband in the conduct of his affairs, and once or twice a year crosses the Atlantic to look after the London agencies; and she has entire charge of the New York office when Mr. Low is absent on business tours. She is, withal, the embodiment of courtesy and feminine refinement, and in spite of her multifarious duties she finds time to keep house, entertain hosts of friends now and then appear in society. She is a sister of Blanche Roosevelt, the novelist.

Bullt a Cottage Herself.

plucky and independent girl is Miss Elizabeth More, of Edgeworth, Pa. With her own hands she recently built a neat little cottage, laying the foundations, plastering the walls of the different rooms, and performing all the carpenter work to a builder's taste. To do this she found it necessary to don male attire, and a young girl friend helped her over the hardest part of the work. Miss More is said to be as pretty as she is energetic. She was once a protege of Jane Gray Swisshelm, and the lessons that stern champion of woman's rights taught her have apparently not been that grumpy old sexton has chosen he

Women Horseback Biders. "

Besides the roundness of limb and edundancy of health that women acquire from vigorous horseback riding, they gain a faculty for keeping their balance while on their feet in conveyances. It is a most desirable acquisition for the city woman. whom we are accustomed to see tipping or staggering about in the street would not invite him. When the hour a glance when a woman standing in a street car is a horse-woman. They know it by the ease and sureness with which she adjusts herself to the motions of the vehicle, and at the same time preserves her feminine dignity.

Increase in Women Workers.

It is remarkable that nearly 30 per cent of the total female population is only 21.33 of the whole. Out of the eleven classes of occupation women have increased comparatively in nine. viz., government service, professional and domestic service, trade, agricul-

To Girls About Esting.

A physician in writing about the Young women who live with their health of girls, tells them to eat good, parents are less likely to be annoyed but plain, wholesome, nutritious in this way than those who are de- food, and above all to eat a hearty pendent on themselves and lead more breakfast. Too many young women independent lives. The fact of exist- have grown up to regard it as vulgar ing natural guardianship is in itself a to indulge the appetite at the morning protection, for a big brother or father | meal, and have been allowed to cultiis sometimes an uncomfortable ad- vate the habit of "mincing" and "sipping" at a few dainty dishes, or But it is the friendless girl who is have been permitted to go without the victim of such indiscretion. Men breakfast altogether. He thinks nothing in moderate life is more pernicious to the health than this dawdling over the much-needed

The Ideal Husband. Miss Lillian B. Perry, of Covington, Tenn., has won a prize for the best description of the kind of a man to marry, and this is the way she paints ideal: "If I wish to marry I would be proud to bear, to whom I carry my doubts and perplexities, and joy.'

Rose Coghlan on Beauty. corset, I assure you, although some his face. My guide whispered to me paper did declare I fastened myself that in the world that monk was known up in a cage. Fancy how one would as Prince de B'-mentioning one of I keep my flesh off by letting my silent ranks are men once of renown brain work. There is nothing like as generals, statesmen, writers, and The farmer with an active brain for reducing flesh, engineers." Then, too, I never drink while I am eating. I believe that drinking with your meals makes you grow chunky. I think American women drink too much soda and apollinaris."

Canada's Peeress.

her title having its source in her late husband's handsome county seat. The countess is one of the cleverest as well as one of the most popular women in Canada. She is thoroughly posted in the politics of the dominion. and it has been due as much to her tact, wit, and accomplishments as to are sincere, it is a great point towards her position that she has been the attaining it. Now what do you beleader of society in the Canadian lieve concerning Jesus Christ?

Graceful Benevolence of Hoyalty. The Queen regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They think a good man would deceive requested the city officials to use the others, or that a sincers man would money collected for the reception in use language that must mislead, and feeding the poor. Consequently more that in things of the highest importthan 30,000 poverty stricken creatures ance?" received presents of food and money and 35,000 school children were provided with a breakfast. Each child do you reconcile your admission that received also a photograph of the he was a good man with his saying, young Queen.

A Brave Woman.

An Ohio woman picked up an arm-ful of sticks and carried them in to throw on the fire. One of the sticks twined itself around her waist. Did she shrick and alarm the neighbors? Prayer does not directly take away Not a bit of it. She put the snake in a trial or its pain any more than a a bottle, corked it up, and when she sense of duty directly takes away the went to town sold it to the local danger of infection, but it preserves



Our Hope Is in Thee, We hope in thee, O God! The day wears on to night, Thick shadows lie across our world;

In thee alone is light. We hope in thee. O God! The fading-time is here; But thou abidest strong and true Though all things disappear.

We hope in thee, O God! Our joys go one by one; But lonely hearts can rest in thee, When all besides is gone.

But since thou art in all that is,

We hope in thee, O God!

Peace takes the hand of car We hope in thee, O God! In whom none hope in vain: We cling to thee in love and trust, And joys succeed to pain.

-Christian Union

The Other Point of View.

"Yes." said the church bell, "I have hung here in a most uncomfortable fashion for years. Whenever has pulled the rope, which is my means of communicating with the earth, and I have called the people. They always come when they hear On Sunday mornings I use a when I announce a wedding, one would think me a whole chime, I so fill the air with melody. There have been a great many funerals in this half a century; and while I have tolled solemnly, I have tried, too, to console the mourners with the voice of an old friend.

"It takes a fire to really rouse me. wouldn't know my own tones. They fairly tumble over each other. . The people seem to appreciate me, but the sexton-well, he's a surly fellow, and has no natural feelings. However, !I am kind, and I fancy I shall never speak again.

Hardly had the last words sounded when the tongue dropped silent for-

The church deacons said the bell must come down, and when it lay on the soft green grass in the churchyard they held a meeting there.

One brother who lived near thought a clock much better than a bell; another said the old church itself couldn't last much longer; while a third struck it with a cane, and as it cried out, exclaimed, "The old thing is cracked, anyway."

The children coming from school threw stones at it over the church fence and cheered the boy who hit it. At nightfall the sexton passed by, and laying his hand tenderly upon its side, said "Old friend, I shall miss

your voice, for we've grown old to-La Grande Chartreuse.

In a London magazine Dean Spencer gives a vivid description of "La Grande Chartreuse, a lonely island of prayer." For many a thousand years, ever since St. Bruno founded the establishment, these white-robed monks have led their solitary life in that valley of gloomy graudeur, near Greenoble. They eat no animal food except eggs, and from mid-September till Easter they live on one meal a day except on Sundays and festivals. Except on these occasions, too, they take all their food in solitude, each monk having a little house into which not even another monk can come, and they never speak to each other except during the weekly walk among the surrounding cliffs and pine woods. The (which, of course, I do not), I would object of their existence is to pray desire a man too noble to commit a for the world they have left; but they mean act, but generous enough to also maintain homes for the suffering forgive one. A man as gentle as a poor-a famous "liqueur" distilled by woman, as manly as a man; one who them a few miles from the monastery does not talk scandal nor tell disa- largely increasing their revenues. greeable truths. A man whose name | Their life is not one of constant mortification after all; for they have little garden plots to care for, and have with whom I would find sympathy and time also for authorship, painting, carving, modeling, or reading, and the library is by no means exclusively theological. "In the cloister." says This is Rose Coghlan's answer to a the Dean, who seems to have been question as to how she preserves her treated with warm hospitality, "I "Not by wearing a steel passed a monk, his cowl drawn over feel! But my weight never varies, the great names of France. In those

"I Don't Believe That," The well-known Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, was once requested to visit a man who professed to be a skeptic. Speaking to him of his need of salvation, he pointed kindly and earnestly to Christ as the only and all-sufficient Lady Macdonald, the widow of the Savior, who gave himself as a ransom Canadian premier, will hereafter be for sinners, that they, through him, known as the Countess Earnscliffe, might obtain forgiveness and be reconciled to God.

Hearing this, the dying man said: Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife there does; she believes every word you are saying." "But," said Dr. Fletcher, "you say

you wish you could; and that, if you "Why," he replied, "I believe that such a man once lived, and that he

was a very good and perfectly sincere man; but that is all.' "You believe thon that Jesus Christ was a truly good man. Now do you

"Certainly not," he replied. 'I and my Father are one?' And when they took up stones to stone him, he did not deceive them, but he

comes upon you. Omit prayer and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim him as your Father, though he seem crueland the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall, but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Fought well the whole conflict through, From the first grand rally in sixty-one Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has Look at their hair all streaked with gray. brought understood.

Sermons and Prayers.

Mr. Spurgeon recently revealed a reviewing a book on Methodism in When the slogan was sounded forth reviewing a book on Methodism in Those were the days that tried men's souls. When the slogan was sounded forth that our glorious land was bytrait'rous hand Assailed, and the loyal North Sent forth the flower of her patriot sons To still the roar of the Southron guns.

"Ah say, mister, you preeched a Did I battle the fee? Aye, I did my share goodish sermon to-night, but if it had

Mr. Spurgeon 'scarcely remembers a better criticism" than this, and says that it might be applied to many of the discourses and speeches which one hears nowadays.

Another story tells of a not very fluent young, man, who, being in the habit of saying in his prayers, "Lord, dignified, persuasive tone. Wednesday help me to pray." was answered one evenings I say very little; but night by an old man's ejaculation, "And the Lord help thee to give ower.

"How heartily," remarks Mr. Spurgeon, "could we say 'Amen' to such a get the mail. Jackson was sitting in prayer in the case of a long-winded

Mr. Spurgeon also likes the story of the clergyman, who, at a noisy prayer commended silence and meeting.

"My dear friends, the Lord is not

pray a little more quietly?" Value of the Sabbath-School.

more or less entered on that crowd until he reached

the sympathy and wisdom and guid. he was helped by the bystanders ou ance of those who are older; while to the wharf. He quickly mounted a we, in turn, need the inspiration and horse and rode off into the country. cheer and refreshing that come from Jackson's excitement was intense. Intermingling with childhood. And His nose was as red as fire, and I am both alike need to drink deep and sure it did not regain its color systematically for the sparkling wells for days. He said angrily, "If of the precious word.

Medical Missionaries in China. appear to be making a deep impres- Hereupon a bystander said, 'Il you sion upon the people. The physician will pardon me for the crime, I will is well-nigh worshiped; his person kill Randolph within the next fifteen and work are sacred. A remarkably minutes.' This Jackson refused to healthful and uplifting influence flows promise. I think an indictment of from the labors of the female physi- assault with intent to kill was filed clans and of the native nurses trained against Randolph in the courts at by them. Their work has opened the Alexandria, but this was afterward eyes of the Orientals to the capabili- noiled by Maj. Donelson. tics of women. There are said to be 109 medical missionaries in China at the present time, thirty-eight of whom are women, all of my old commander, General Howbut two of whom are from America, ard, of an incident which occurred on trance into a Chinese city. The man Fourth Army Corps and was riding who gains the good-will is the phy- about 9 o'clock in the evening, accomsician. With a hospital, a daily panied by an orderly, from Marietta, clinic, and a large country field, the out to the front, a distance of about most skilled surgeon would always six miles. find his hands full. We ask our friends of the medical profession to misaing with Gen. Johnston's rear come over and help us. There are guard during the previous day, and about one hundred missionary doctors an occasional ambulance passed up in China; one thousand are needed." On its way to the hospital of Marietta.

The Wrong Man. story of a modern Jenny Geddes, who road. preaching his sermon, when a modern the map, was General Sherman. the male members of the choir being ing him upon the shoulder, said : where she was sitting. The bible three miles." 'The bible struck the wrang man," depended wauken the sinfu' sleeper.'

Love for One's Own Church. to love your own church more than His mind filled with the great prob cause and advance the work entrusted of little use to any church. We never material at hand to immediate use. could admire that boy who did not love his own mother, and who was everlastingly making invidious comparisons between her and the mothers by Horace Greeley on Lincoln, which

The jaunty maiden whose shopping costume is on the brownish tinge, cur-



At a Reunion.

Look at their aging forms.

Look at their aging forms.

Read in each face the well-stamped trace

Of exposure to wintry storms:

And your grandpa, children, did well his share
in throttling the traitorous wolf in its lair.

goodish sermon to-night, but if it had As a patriot brave and true;
been cut short at beath ends and set
When Lincoln's pen called for yet more men,
My check on the bank I drew,
Nor paused till I answered my country's cry
By renting a substitute six feet high.

Andrew Jackson's Nose.

When I was at Alexandria recently, writes a Washington correspondent, heard an old man's statement of how President Jackson's nose was pulled by Lieut. Randolph, in the summer of 1883. Said he: "President Jackson was passing Alexandria on his way to celebrate the building a monument to Washington's mother at Fredericksburg The steamer stopped at Alexandria to the cabin back of a table smoking a pipe, and there was hardly room to pass him. His pipe was a long-stemmed one, and it hung almost to his knee. A few men, including Maj. Donelson, Jackson's adopted son, were standing about, and there were ethers who had deaf. Now, don't you think you could come on board to see the president and to look at the boat.

Among these was Lieutenant Randolph a connection of the noted Ran-No person can outgrow the need of dolph family to which John Randolph the Sabbath-school. It holds him, in belonged. He had been dismissed the rush and stress of life, to at least from the navy by Jackson for some one portion of the revealed word, trouble in his accounts. He was a That is kept before him; helps to straight young man, and not bad light it up are sought after; reading looking. He came on the boat and and conversation and thought are pushed his way through the the wonderful book, which furnishes cabin. This he entered, and went up the soul's nourishment. And to Jackson as though he would speak out of this come grace and backbone to him. President Jackson did not to meet temptation, and love and ten- know him, but held out his hand, askderness for the tried and sinful. The ing him to excuse him from rising. need of systematic study, such as As he did so, Randolph, with a quick this, grows with the years. The pull gesture, selzed Jackson's nose and of ambition, and competion, and cares gave it three strong pulls. It was of the day, is away from the feeding. done so quickly that no one places of spiritual things; and one had a chance to interfere. must be held and compelled to resist Old Hickory threw his pipe up that pull, by duties and relationships into the air as if to strike Randolph such as the Sabbath school provides. with it, but before he could do any-The children need, in this work, thing Randolph had started off, and I had had an idea that I was shoul ave been prepared. Randolph is the first

going to be assaulted I The medical missionaries in China villain who has ever escaped me.

Sherman in the Field.

I am reminded by reading the letter The Medical Missionary Record says: the Atlanta campaign, says a corre-"It is not always easy to obtain en- spondent. I was a staff officer in the

Belated supply trains and groups of stragglers, disabled horses and broker The "Pall Mail Gazette" tells this down wagons were scattered along the

seems to have been as pronounced in | Wishing to light my pipe and havher convictions and as candid in the ing no matches I rode out into the expression of them as the original woods, near the road, where I saw a one. A startling incident occurred at fire. As I approached it I found two the anniversary services of the West soldiers holding candles, the light of United Presbyterian church at Kir- which fell upon a map spread upon riemuir, entirely without a parallel the ground. Lying prone upon his in the history of the oldest inhab- breast, with his chin resting upon his itants. On the afternoon of Sunday, left hand, and with the index finger April 5, the minister was calmly of his right tracing the lines upon Jenny Geddes, infuriated at one of I immediately alighted, and touch-

asleep, hurled her bible at the head General, do you know how fat you of the delinquent from the gallery are from headquarters? It is fully

missed the sleeper, but struck the | He arose at once, and, accepting the shoulder of another man in the choir, offer of my horse, mounted him and who started up amazed. The minister rode away toward the front. Knowbecame pale, paused in his discourse ing the habits of the chief, and that and exclaimed "What's wrong?" regaining possession of the animal upon keeping him in she cried, rising up in her pew. al. sight. I promptly dismounted my though her friends vainly attempted orderly and followed the general to to hold her down; "twas meant to headquarters. He had not been missed. There was nothing unusual in the occurrence. He had started out alone for a walk and his stout legs It is neither narrowness nor bigotry had borne him three miles away. any other; to labor for her extension lem of the campaign, he had need to and upbuilding more than for any other; consult a map of the country and, and to feel a deeper attachment to her calling up two straggling soldiers, principles and usages than to those of bade them light their candles that he other denominations. That man who might then and there settle some makes slighting remarks about his doubt as to the trend of a mountain own church, her principles or people; range, or the direction of a road or who magnifies her defects; who dis- water course. This is not much of a parages her efforts to maintain the story, but it may serve to show to cause and advance the work entrusted people who never served under his to her, is usually one who would be leadership how readily he adopted the

Greeley's Visit to Lincoln. In a most characteristic address

was written about 1868, and is now published for the first time, the great editor says:

employed in hitherto guarding our Mexican frontier. had been some days at hand, I saw and heard nothing that indicated or threatened belligerency on our part. On the contrary, the president sat listening to the endless whine of the office-seekers, and dolling out vil-lage postoffices to importunate or lucky partisans just as though we were sailing before land breezes on a smiling, summer sea; and to my inquiry, 'Mr. President! Do you know that you will have to fight for the place in which you sit?' he answered pleasantly, I will not say lightly—but in words which intimated his distelled that any fighting would transpire or be needed; and I firmly believe that this dogged resolution not to believe that our country was about to be drenched in fraternal blood is the solution of his obstinate calmness throughout the earlier stages of the war; and especially, his patient listening to the demand of a deputation from the young Christians of Baltimore as well as of the mayor and other city dignitaries. that he should stipulate while blockaded in Washington, and in imminent danger of expulsion, that no more Northern volunteers should cross the sacred soil of Maryland in hastening to his relief. We could not comprehend this at the North-many of us have not yet seen through it; most certainly if he had required a committee of 10,000 to kick the bearers of this preposterous, impudent demand, back to Baltimore, the ranks of that committee would have been filled in an hour from any Northern city or county containing

The Last Bugle Call. With marshal thread and muffled

50,000 inhabitants."

drums a small band of gray and griz- right and spli zled veterans bear away to the last camp ground, all that is mostal of a plit in each ear. Hange, and off split in each ear. Hange, and comp ground, all that is mostal of arisona. camp ground, all that is mortal of a dead comrade. No band of brilliant uniform, no procession in bright regaila leads the way to the grave, but an escort of old soldlers, who bear upon the bronzed faces the insignia of war and upon their bent forms the scars of battle. Who can fathom the thought of this little band of men as they march beside the bier with slow and measured tread. thousand memories must come to them of the dark days long ago-of the long, long marches over the mountains, through the marshes, in the burning sun, in the blinding storm, the cheerless camp ground in the chill twilight, the shrill bugle call in the gray of early morning, the sharp command, the charge, the rattle of musketry, the sullen roar of cannon, the clash of arms, the pallid faces of the dead, the groans of the dying, and black smoke of battle hang-

ing over all like a pall of death. No secret order that holds men together in any brotherhood can compare with the tie that binds the soldier to soldier. No initiation however startling can equal that through which the soldier has passed. His ordeal takes him across the field of carnage into the jaws of death, and every degree he takes is scaled in human blood.

Lower the dead hero into his last esting place with gentle hands and let the cold clods fall softly on the bosom that once was bared to the enemy's bullets in defense of his country. Plant an evergreen on his grave, an emblem of immortality. inscription that in the great here after will outweigh the epitaph of kings : He Was a Soldier.

Around the Camp Fire.

"When we came up to Nashville." said a veteran yesterday, "we-"What corps?" asked a comrade. "Fourth. When we came up to

Nashville-" "What division?" "Second. When we came-" "What brigade, comrade?"

"Third brigade. When we first ame up to Nashville-" "What regiment?"

"The -th Ohio. When we first got up to Nash-" "Were you in the Franklin fight?" "Yes, indeed. But, as I was saying, when we first got up to nash-

"You had it pretty hot in that bat-

a great battle. Now, when we first came up to Na—"

"Didn't you think your time had come when you met Hood's veterans?"

"Oh, no! As I was saying when you interrupted me, when we first came up to Nashville—"

"Were you hit during the fight?"

"I was detailed to go back to Louisville with some Ich."

BABBITT BROS.

Postoffice address, Flagstand, Arizona.

Range, Clark's Valler, Mogollon mountains.
Brand as above cut.
All joung stock branded on both sides, with swallow fork and naderbit in each ear; also own the following: Boot cattle, road brand Wom right side; T cattle, oss on right side; horse brand C. O.

Louisville with some Ich.

Louisville with some Johnny prisoners and didn't even see the smoke of the battle."

The crowd immediately broke ranks.

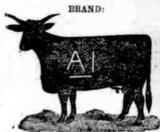
Regimental Histories.

Among important records of the late civil war are regimental histories. both Northern and Southern, but survivors of these organizations are so few and scattered, and many are so poor, that all plans end when the uestion of ways and means is reached. This difficulty has recently been ob-viated in a pleasing way for one hard fighting New York regiment-the first mounted rifles. An artist-officer of the regiment, Captain D. E. Cronin, has for two years been compiling a voluminous history of the regiment, illustrated with portraits of all members whose families could find war time photographs. He has also completed many pictures from sketches made during his service with the regiment. The entire cost of the elaborate and expensive book is met by a wealthy citizen, Mr. Daniel Parish, whose sole interest in the work is patriotic. In any county in the union there are men who could easily afford to follow Mr. Parish's example and make enduring memories of the soldiers of their vicinity. Such books are needed now; in a few years they will have become invaluable This word of encouragement is of-

fered by some kind-hearted woman to girls who lament their bright locks: The Catharines who made Russia great had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of Englant a bottle, corked it up, and when she sense of duty directly takes away the went to town sold it to the local danger of infection, but it preserves druggist for \$2 as a curiosity. A the strength of the value spiritual woman as enterprising as that don't fibre, so that the trial does not mass

The Arizona Cattle Co.,

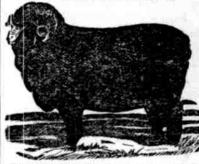
Range, San Francisco Mountains.





Horses with this brane are the property of the Range, San Francisc P. O. address, Chalandar, Ariz. PRILLIP HULL.

McMILLAN & GOODWIN.



T brand on right side of nose. Ewes, crop in



Horses and mules branded as above on the left thigh belong Range on Stonegollon's mountains.

JAMES ALLEN, Camp
Verde, Ariz.

rees, mules

ARIZONA LUMBER CO.



Cattle numbered consecutively on left cheek,

BRANNEN, FINNIE & BRANNEN.







the left shoulder. Range from Ash of the Megellon

JAS. L. BLACK.



Postoffice, Flagstaff, Arizona.
Itange eight and onehalf miles southwest
of Fisgstaff.
Cat the ere branded as

JAS. A. VAIL.



Range eight miles routheast of Flagstaff. Yavapai county. Cattle branded J V on leftribs; ear marks square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear. Postoffice address, Fingstaff, Arizona.



Horse and mule brend on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep: ewes, hole in left car and split in the right; wothers, reverse that of ewes; Fan s branded F on horn. Hange near Mormon Late, Morollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Fing-



Range, San Francis. co mountains.
All cattle branded in in cut are the prop r y of the undersigned, and also all estric branded with bar it. GEORGE W. BLACK

addres

